HEROINES OF THE SURF.

What Women Have Done in the Work of Saving Lives.

Washington, July 21.—Women will e represented at the coming Congress f Life Savers, which is to be held at antes, France, in the latter part of is month. The life saving work of merican women particularly will re-ive attention, inasmuch as they con-ribute not a little to the efficiency of e life saving service of the United tates. Not only does an association women, known as the Blue Anchor ociety, supply all the life saving ations with clothing for shipwreck-people, but the wives and daugh-rs of the station keepers frequently heroic work in the rescue of drown-g persons.

The annals of American heroines of e surf have yet to be properly writ-n, but when a capable pen takes up e task they will compose a fascinat-g volume. In a number of instances omen have received medals, of gold d silver from the Government in cognition of their services, and in ore than one case Uncle Sam has be-owed such decorations upon little rls.

The famous Ida Lewis was only a tle girl when she made her first res-e. She was 12 years of age at the me and her mother was the keeper the Lime Rock light house in New-rt harbor, her father being a help-ss cripple. One day she saw a sail at upset in the harbor and promptly wed out to it in a little skiff, reach-g it in time to save four young men ho were struggling in the water for e.

Later on, under similar circum-nces, she saved a soldier from the rt Adams garrison and the man was tored to life at the lighthouse. On other occasion three men were mped in a boat near Lime Rock ile trying to pick up a valuable eep which had fallen off a wharf. e rescued them and the sheep also. on afterwards she saw a man cling-g to the spindle which marked a f near the light house and, rowing t, she brought him in. In a gale another day she saved two soldiers m a swamped boat, and again she lled out two members of the Fort dams garrison band, who had broken rough the ice between the light use and the Fort. In all she res-ed thirteen persons from drowning d earned for herself the title of the ace Darling of America. She is w 60 years of age and still keeps the me Rock light.

The gold life saving medals, worth 0 each intrinsically, are granted on-in cases where the recipient has ked his or her life. In one case a dal was refused by the person to om it was offered—Edith Morgan, Hamlin, Mich. There had been a rful storm on the lake, in the win-of 1878, and the steamer City of ledo was driven ashore. It was owing hard and the ship was soon nsformed into an iceberg by waves aking over it. Communication th the shore was established by a pe and the girl, assisted by a num-r of men, succeeded in rescuing the w of eighteen men. The medal nt to her was of silver because she d not actually risked her life; but e declined to accept it, saying that her performance did not merit a gold dal she did not want it.

One little girl who received a medal s Marie D. Parsons. She was only years old and lived on the ore of Long Island, at a place called replace Village. She was watching an hoist a sail on board of a boat me distance from shore when sud-nly the boom flew over and knocked erboard a small child of 7. The n jumped in after the child and the at, drifting away, left them strug-ng in the water. Marie, seeing t no time was to be lost, got into a iff and, by rowing 300 yards with all r might, got there quickly enough to e both.

A gold medal was bestowed upon a tle girl named Maud King for a deed daring done in 1889, in the harbor Charleston, S. C. She, her moth-and her aunt, Mary Whiteley, were e only persons at home in the light use supply station at Castle Pinck-y when a yawl was capsized about a arter of a mile from the wharf. ree men and a boy were on board of r. The boy swam ashore; one man ng to the boat and the two others naged to reach the wharf, where ey hung on for dear life, the sea at was running making their posi-n one of great danger.

Maud, who was the granddaughter the captain of the light house ten-r Wistaria, ran to the wharf and ered a boat, the task being one of little difficulty owing to the rough ter. Into it she got, accompanied her aunt, and the two, each taking oar, rowed to the men, finally res-ing all three of them.

In August, 1874, the Catherine, a Norwegian vessel, ran ashore not far from Pensacola, Fla. At that season the crews of the life saving stations are off duty, so few wrecks occurring, and thus it happened that there were only two men in the nearby station on Santa Rosa Island—the captain, whose name was Broadbent, and one assistant. Fortunately, however, the captain had three daughters, who promptly volunteered, helped to haul the life saving apparatus a distance of two miles, fired the life line from the shore over the stranded ship, rigged the breeches buoy and rescued all of the crew.

Seven years ago three young women happened to be staying for the summer at Point Lookout, on Long Island Sound. They were the guests of the wife of the keeper of the life saving station at that place, and their names were Jennie Rhodes, Mrs. Celia Raynor and Mrs. Rene Southerland. A gale sprang up and a vessel came ashore about a mile west of the station. As subsequently ascertained she was the Martha P. Tucker, bound from Port Tampa to Carteret, N. J., with a cargo of phosphate rock. Owing to the season the station was shorthanded and the twelve men on board would have all been drowned inevitably but for the efforts of the young women, who helped in transporting and operating the apparatus, thus saving eleven of the crew. The twelfth was swept overboard and drowned.

In January, 1892, a vessel was blown ashore at night on the coast of Washington State, in a lonely region where there were no life saving stations. It was a terrific storm and all night long Mrs. Martha White, the wife of a local settler, patrolled the beach with a lantern. She thought she heard guns at intervals and when day broke she saw the wreck. Taking off her petticoat she waved it as a signal, but the situation of the vessel was evidently hopeless. Nearly all of those on board were lost, but three men she succeeded, though herself a very little woman, in pulling out of the surf, afterwards restoring them to life. For this service she received a gold medal.

Only three years ago, in April, 1899, the steamer Chilkat, laden with lumber, went to pieces on the bar in trying to enter Humboldt Bay, Cal. A life boat was sent to her assistance from the life saving station a couple of miles away, but it was too late, the ship having capsized. There were twenty people on board, including half a dozen passengers, and most of them were lost; but three were saved with the utmost difficulty, and under circumstances of the greatest danger, by women from the station, Mrs. Hennig, the keeper's wife; a girl named Shumway, and Mrs. McLean, who was the wife of a surfman. The women dashed into the surf and dragged the unfortunates ashore, all three of them being afterwards resuscitated.

Shipwrecked persons are apt to come ashore almost if not entirely naked, owing to the fury of the elements, and hence the necessity of having on hand plentiful supplies of clothing for them. No sooner are they fetched to the life saving stations than they are put to bed and furnished with every possible comfort by the women, who in this way contribute very importantly to the beautiful work. If they did nothing else their services would deserve to be considered most beautiful, but, as already explained, they often take an active part in the actual business of saving lives. It is a fact worth mentioning incidentally that the first life boat service on the Atlantic coast of North America was established by a woman, Dorothea Dix, who built and equipped a station on Sable Island, off the shores of Nova Scotia.—Rene Bache, in News and Courier.

Is a Surgeon Excusable?

A cablegram from Paris states that the Gazette Medicale created a sensation by maintaining that it is entirely excusable if an absent-minded surgeon sews up some instrument, bandage or the like in the body of a person operated on. "Five practitioners," adds the cablegram, "are now being sued in Paris Courts for acts of forgetfulness of that sort."

This cablegram was shown yesterday to Dr. J. D. Blake, the well-known surgeon of the city, who has operated on nearly 300 cases of appendicitis.

"That is an interesting subject," said Dr. Blake, "and I quite understand how the editor of the Gazette Medicale should excuse any oversight of that kind—for oversight it is, and nothing more. Similar cases have happened in this country, although I cannot recall any case of the kind in this city. Any person at all familiar with the many features of a difficult operation can realize how easy it is for an operator to make an oversight of this kind. And it may not be the operator's fault at all, for he has assistants in the more difficult operations, and one of these may place a sponge in that part of the body being operated upon, and this sponge may be lapped over or hidden, so that when the opening is being closed the sponge may be overlooked. This oversight will be manifested, although it may take some some time to discover what the real trouble is. I do not think that such an oversight could have fatal results if the other conditions were favorable.

"The operations in which such accidents are more likely to occur are those of the stomach and breast, especially of the former. In speaking of sponges we generally mean little bundles of gauze which are placed in the opening, either to stop the flow of blood or to seperate the infected organs from those free from disease. These sponges are used only once and are sterilized before being used. Real sponges are sometimes used, but they are more expensive. There are many ways in which an operator might overlook one of these sponges, so that it would be sewed up in a person's body. It is my custom generally to place an instrument at the end of each sponge. The attention of the operator is often divided between the actual work of the operation and the condition of the patient. While looking after the patient's condition a bowel may slip over one of these sponges, or a tissue may fold over it, so that it is hid from view, even after a careful examination. In the removal of gall stones from the bladder many sponges are used and it is difficult to keep the field of operation clear.

"I have never heard of a case, however, where an instrument was sewed up in a person's body, although this should not be the most supprising thing in some operations where large tumors are removed. Recently I removed a tumor weighing 49 pounds and you can easily understand what a large cavity that made. Numerous small instruments to stop the flow of blood had to be used, and one of these might have been concealed and afterward sewed up.

"With reference to the suits brought in the Paris Courts I should not imagine that any verdicts will be given the plaintiffs, unless it can be proven that the operators were incompetent or negligent. I think the decision rendered in this city some time ago, in which $30,000 damages was asked of the Hopkins Hospital, would stand in similar suits here. In that case a man from Virginia was operated on for one condition when another existed. The Court instructed the jury to the effect that unless the operator could be proven to have been incompetent or guilty of negligence no verdict could be rendered for the plaintiff."—Baltimore Sun.

— Cottonseed oil, corn oil and linseed oil, there is good reason to believe, will probably have a rival at a not distant day in edible petroleum oil. As a matter of fact, petroleum has been successfully desulphurized and demineralized. Certain other solids and ingredients have been extracted from it, and the production of a fairly good edible oil has already resulted.

— It is a good thing to love your neighbors. If you don't they are apt to talk about you.

Virginia Girl Changes Her Mind.

Clarksburg, W. Va., July 21.—Out of the West a young Lochinvar came yesterday—not on a horse, but in a buggy, and he carried away with him the bride-to-be of another man just ten minutes before she was to have plighted her troth. The audacity of the elopement created consternation and the wedding guests were aghast and amazed.

In all of Randolph County, famed for beautiful women, there is none whose comeliness excels that of Miss Ivie Thompson, daughter of Mr. John Thompson, one of the best known citizens in the State. She had suitors by the score, and when Philip H. Wolfong won her he was the envy of all the young gallants within a hundred miles.

The wedding was set for yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock. The guests were assembled and the bridegroom came with the venerable clergyman who was to make him the happiest man in West Virginia. A few minutes before the appointed hour, and as the guests were looking for the bride and bridesmaids to appear, there was a sudden commotion in front of John Thompson's house.

A horse drawing a buggy and driven by William R. Rennix had stopped there, and the bride, evidently by prearrangement, ran down the steps, and, placing one dainty slippered foot on step, sprung into the buggy. The whiplash fell on the horse's back and he started off on a gallop in the direction of the railroad station. Wolfong reached the door in time to see the buggy turn a bend in the road. Calling to his prospective father-in-law, and mounting a horse as quickly as it could be saddled, he started in pursuit.

The rowels were dug deep in the flanks of the horses, but by the time the pursuers reached the station the train was pulling out

The elopers went to Cumberland, and today a new license was taken. The beautiful girl who was to have become Mrs. Wolfong changed her name to Mrs. Rennix, and without any explanation as to the sudden change in her affections.

Sorry To Lose Marse John.

John Miller, of Richmond, Va., told some amusing stories of negro character at the last dinner of the New York Southern Society, says an exchange. One had to do with the exslaves retained on his father's plantation after the emancipation proclamation. The elder Miller, a liberal-minded man, insisted on giving each of the freed negroes a salary, but asked, in return, that each perform his or her assigned duty without fail, just as would be done were they to seek service elsewhere, as they were free to do. To one old fellow, Jonas, was assigned the duty of watering Mr. Miller's saddle horse three times daily at regular intervals. Several times he neglected the duty, and each time was told by Mr. Miller that they would have to separate if he were not more careful. When next he forgot Mr. Miller said: "Jonas, you've had fair notice. Now you and I must part." "Yas, Marse John," replied Jonas, "I'm sorry too. I was bohn an' raised here on de plantashum and shall die here. I 'members yo', Marse John, since a baby, an' I does hate for to see you go 'way. Where's yo' gwine to, Marse John?"